

54
12, 6

Songs

FOR USE OF CHILDREN IN

Ethical Services

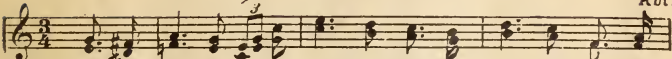
Songs

FOR USE OF CHILDREN IN

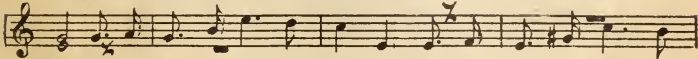
Ethical Services

1 LIKE THE LARK.

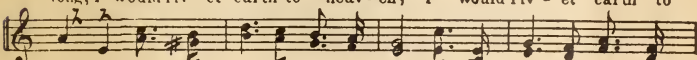
Abt.



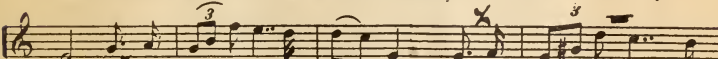
1 Like the Lark would I were sing-ing, Thro' the a - zure plains on
2 Like the Lark would I were drunk-ing, Draughts of pur - est morn - ing
3 Like the Lark 'twixt earth and heav en, Could I free - ly float a -



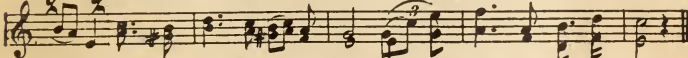
high, Ov - er hill and val - ley bring-ing, Ov - er hill and val - ley
air, Till on dew - y flow-'rets sink-ing, Till on dew - y flow-'rets
long, I would riv - et earth to heav-en, I would riv - et earth to



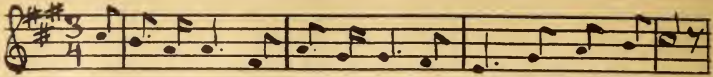
bring-ing, Dreams of Spring a-long the sky, Dreams of Spring a - long the
sink-ing, I could bask in fragrance rare, I could bask in fragrance
heav-en, With the mag-ic of my song, With the mag-ic of my



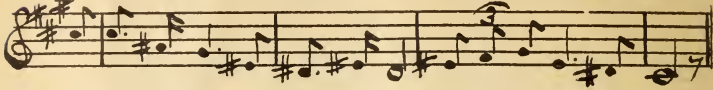
sky. Ov - er hill and val-ley bring - ing, Ov - er hill and val - ley
rare. Till on dew-y flow'rets sink - ing, Till on dew - y flow-'rets
song I would riv-et earth to heav - en, I would riv - et earth to



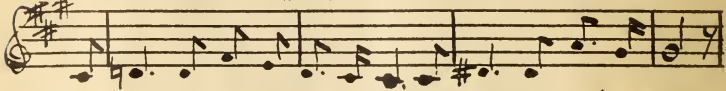
bringing Dreams of Spring a-long the sky, Dreams of Spring a - long the sky.
sink-ing, I could bask in fragranc rare, I could bask in fragranc rare.
heaven, With the mag-ic of my song, With the mag-ic of my song.



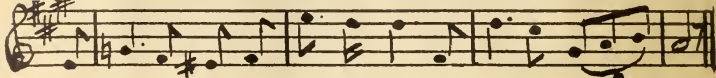
1 There's life abroad! From each green tree A bu-sy murmur swells:
 There's life abroad! The silvery threads That float about in air,
 All speak of life! And louder still The spirit speaks within



The bee is up at early dawn, Stirring the cowslip bells,
 Where'er their wanton flight they take, Proclaim that life is there.
 O'erpowering with its strong deep voice The world's incessant din.



There's motion in the light-est leaf That trembles on the stream.
 And bubbles on the quiet lake And yonder music sweet,
 There's life without, and better far Within there's life and power,



The in sect scarce an instant rests, Light dancing 'in the beam.
 And stirrings in the rustling leaves, The self-same tale repeat.
 And energy of heart and will To glorify each hour.

3

READING.

One day in the bloom of a violet
 I found a simple word;
 And my heart went softly humming it,
 Till the violet must have heard.

And deep in the depth of a crimson rose
 A writing showed so plain,
 I scanned it over in veriest joy
 To the patter of summer rain.

And then from the grateful mignonette
 I read—ah, such a thing!
 That the glad tears fell on it like dew,
 And my soul was ready to sing.

A few little words! Before that day
 I never had taken heed;
 But, oh, how I blessed the love that
 came—
 The love that taught me to read!

4 VOICES OF THE WOODS.

Welcome sweet Springtime! We greet thee in song,
Murmurs of gladness fall on the ear,
Voices long hush'd now their full notes prolong,
Echoing far and near,
Sunshine now wakes all the flow'rets from sleep,
Joy-giving incense floats on the air,
Snowdrop and primrose both timidly peep,
Hailing the glad new year.

Balmy and life-breathing breezes are blowing,
Swiftly to nature new vigor bestowing.
Ah! how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As Earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then, ye birds! raise your voices on high!
Flow'rets, awake ye! burst into bloom!
Springtime is come! and sweet Summer is nigh,
Sing then, ye birds, O sing!

Welcome bright Springtime, what joy now is ours,
Winter has fled to far distant climes;
Flora thy presence awaits, in the bow'rs,
Longing for thy commands.
Brooklets are whisp'ring as onward they flow,
Songs of delight at thy glad return,
Boundless the wealth, thou, in love dost bestow;
Ever with lavish hands.

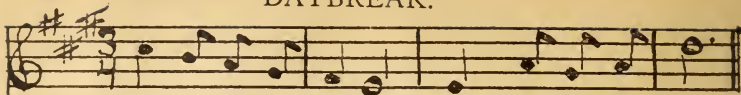
How nature loves thee, each glad voice discloses,
Herald thou art of the time of the roses.
Ah! how my heart beats with rapture anew,
As Earth's fairest beauties again meet my view.
Sing then, ye birds! raise your voices on high!
Flow'rets, awake ye! burst into bloom!
Springtime is come! and sweet Summer is nigh,
Sing then, ye birds, O sing!

Michael Wastson.

5

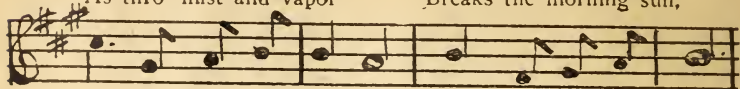
CHIGNELL.

DAYBREAK.



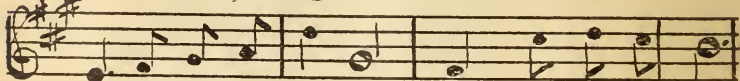
Morning breaketh on thee,
Day is all before thee,
As thro' mist and vapor

Fresh life's pulses beat
Vanished is the night:
Breaks the morning sun,



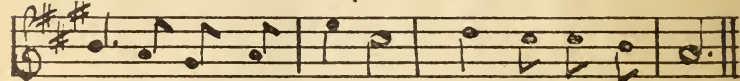
Earth and sky new kindled
Wouldst thou aught accomplish-
Shine and work, thou spirit,

Once again to greet:
Look toward the light:
Till thy task is done;



With a thousand voices
Let a mighty purpose:
When from farthest hill-top

Woods and valleys sound.
In thee stir and live.
Fades the fire of day.



Leaf and flower with dew-drops
After highest being
Blest in blessing others

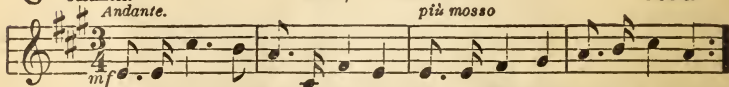
Sparkle all around,
Evermore to strive.
Shalt thou pass away.

6

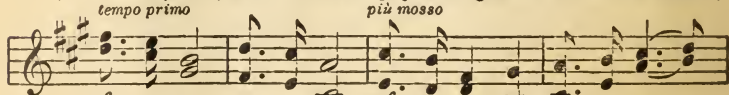
Heinrich.

May Time.

Polish.



1. { When the spring with magic finger Taps at earth's dark por-tal dreary,
Then, releas'd, the prison'd voices Sing their songs so sweet and cheery.
2. { Bird-lings car-ol sweetest music, Springtime's joy to us they're bringing,
And my heart obeys the summons In the wondrous song they're sing-ing.
3. { Sil-v'ry rain falls softly round us, Earth drinks deeply in her gladness,
And my soul, its life re-new-ing, Quite forgets the winter's sadness.



Love-ly May, joy-ous May, Win-ter drear has pass'd a-way!



Love-ly May, joy-ous May, Win-ter drear has pass'd a-way!

(From Modern Music Series, Book II)

SILVER, BURDETT & CO.

7 SHINING SUN.

Shining sun, shining sun,
Bringing back the day,
Have you any word for me
In my work and play?
Little boy, little boy,
If you're good and true
Wheresoe'er you work and play
Light will shine for you.

Silver moon, silver moon,
Sailing through the sky,
Have you any word for me
From your home on high?
Little girl, little girl,
Loving be to all,
Shine like me on rich and poor,
On the great and small.

Little star, little star,
Shining far in space,
Have you any word for me
In my lonely space?
Little child, little child,
Sailors steer by me,
You can live a star-like life,
Strong and steadfast be.

8 THINGS OF BEAUTY.

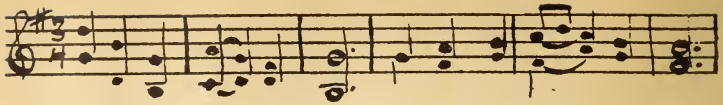
Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
It matters little if dark or fair;
Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good and true,
Busy for them the long day through,

Beautiful feet are they that go,
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's
snow.

Beautiful children of rich or poor,
Who walk the pathway sweet and pure
That leads to the mansions strong and
sure.

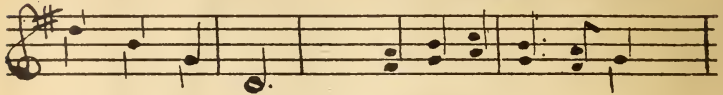
9

THANKSGIVING SONG.



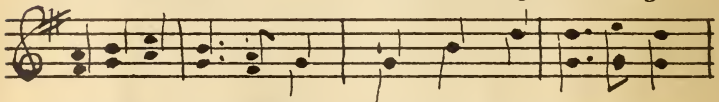
For autumn's golden days
For autumn's golden days

In loud thanksgiving raise,
Hearts, hands and voices raise,



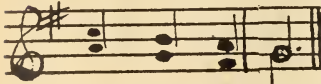
Hand, heart and voice
With sweet accord

The valleys smile and sing
From field to garner throng



Forests and mountains ring
Bearing your sheaves along

The plains their tribute bring,
Labor the harvest crowns



The streams rejoice.
With full reward

10 FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

1. Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.
2. O favors ev'ry year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.
3. So let these altars wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

J. G. Whittier.

11 SINGING JOYFULLY.

For the sky so bright and blue,
For the fields so fresh with dew,
For the hearts so fond and true,
We will go to and fro,
Singing, singing joyfully.

For the land so rich and wide,
Land for which the bravest died,
All its pure and lofty pride,
We will go to and fro,
Singing, singing joyfully.

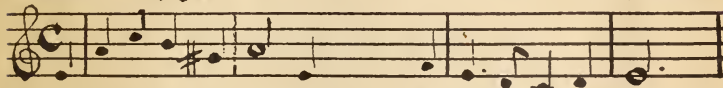
For the ways by wisdom trod,
For the feet with kindness shod,
For the perfect peace of love,
We will go to and fro,
Singing, singing joyfully,
We will go to and fro,
Singing, singing joyfully.

Words by JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.
Music by MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

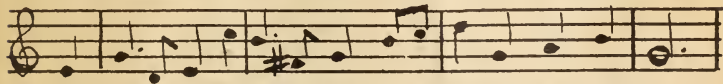
12 A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Beta Class of 1903-4.

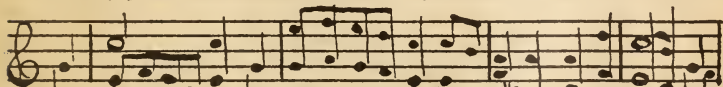
R. Jackson.



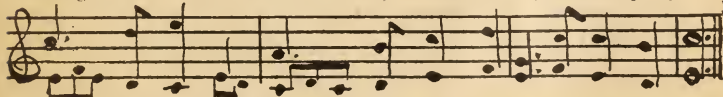
- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. A day of joy and feasting, | Of happiness and mirth, |
| 2. All hail the shining holly, | All hail the mistletoe, |
| 3. Long may the Christmas spirit | Of kindness and good will, |



And every year it cometh here To gladden all the earth.
With carol gay, all hail the day That cometh o'er the snow.
Through joy and pain, with us remain, Our hearts with warmth to fill.

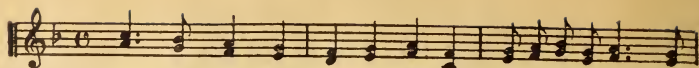


Sing No — el, sing No — el, And merry be alway, Join

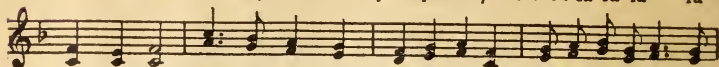


in the song, the sound prolong, All on a Christmas Day.

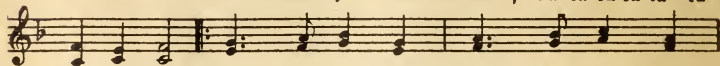
(From Novello's Christmas Carols, No. 99)



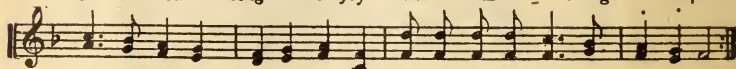
1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly, Fa la la la la la
 2. See the blaz-ing yule be-fore us, Fa la la la la la
 3. Fast a-way the old year passes, Fa la la la la la



- la la la. 'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Fa la la la la la
 la la la. Strike the harp and join the chorus, Fa la la la la la
 la la la. Hail the new ye lads and lasses, Fa la la la la la

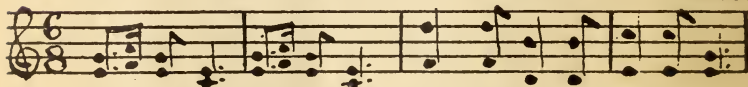


- la la la. Don we now our gay ap-par-el,
 la la la. Fol-low me in mer-ry meas-ure,
 la la la. Sing we joy-ous all to-geth-er,

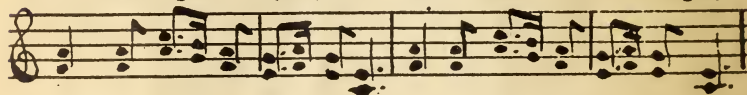


- Troll the an-cient Christmas carol, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 While I tell of Christmas treasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Heed-less of the wind and weather, Fa la la la la la la la la.

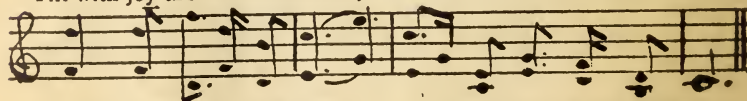
From the German.



1. Silent night, holy night, Where in that dim manger's light,
 2. Silent night, holy night, Peace enfolds that child of light,



- Watch the wakeful, loving pair O'er the babe that nestles there
 Till with joy the welcome strain, "Peace on earth, good will to men"



While the little one sleeps.
 Greets the new-born child.

While the little one sleeps.
 Greets the new-born child.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! prophetic strains are swelling.
 2. Onward we go, for still we hear the singing,

O'er earth's green hills and ocean's wave-beat shore,
 "Come, weary souls, the future bids you come."

How sweet that hope those blessed strains are telling,
 And through the dark it's echoes sweetly ringing

Of that new life when wrong shall be no more,
 The music of the ages leads us home.

Gates of the morning, Gates of the light,

Opening to wel - come The pilgrims of the Light.

18

TO MY COUNTRY.

From the German of Massmann.

Folksong.

Andante.

mf

1. I've pledged my - self faith - ful, With heart and with hand, To
2. Thy flag I will hon - or Wher - e'er I may be; The
3. No mat - ter what trou - ble May vex me or fret, My

thee, my own Coun - try, My dear na - tive land, To
 flag of my Coun - try, The flag of the free, The
 vow to my Coun - try I'll nev - er for - get, My

dtn

thee, my own Coun - try, My dear na - tive land.
 flag of my Coun - try, The flag of the free.
 vow to my Coun - try I'll nev - er for - get.

(From Modern Music Series, Book 11.)

Silver Burdett & Co.

19 THE GOLDEN CITY.

Have you heard the golden city
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told;
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones;
But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and anguish,
Will not perish with the years.
And in error and anguish,
Will not perish with the years.

It will be, at last, made perfect,
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man;
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right,
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

Words by FELIX ADLER.

20 TRUE FREEDOM.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works another's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share .
All the chains our brothers wear
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in Silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Words by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Music by MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

21 ODE TO DUTY.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But the e I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy Bondman
let me live.

Words by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PROPHETS OF RIGHT.

Praise to the heroes
Praise to the martyrs
Praise to the sages,
Heroes, martyrs, sages,

Who struck for the right,
Who died for the right,
The teachers of right,
True prophets of right! They

When freedom and truth
Nor ever bowed down
Whose voice in the darkness
foresaw, and they made.

Were defended in fight.
At the bidding of might;
Said, "Let there be light."
Man's futurity bright.

Of blood-shedding hirelings
Their ashes were cast
The sophist may gain
Their fame will ascend

The deeds are abhorred,
All abroad on the wind,
The renown of an hour,
Till the world sink in flames;

But the patriot smites,
But more widely the blessings
But wisdom is glory,
Be their spirit in all

And we honor his sword:
They won for mankind.
While knowledge is power.
Who sing praise to their names.

UNCROWNED KINGS.

Hurrah for ivied towers
 Renowned in song and story;
 Hurrah for old world powers,
 And knights and sages hoary;
 But a louder cheer for the strong, plain
 men
 That have made our country blest,
 The uncrowned kings and heroes
 Of our dear land in the West.
 Hurrah, hurrah! Hurrah, hurrah!

Hurrah for good men strong and true,
 Wheresoever they may be;
 But cheers of love for the nameless
 kings,
 Kings that gave us liberty!
 Hurrah for good men strong and true,
 Wheresoever they may be;
 But cheers of love for nameless kings,
 The kings that gave us liberty!
 Hurrah, hurrah!

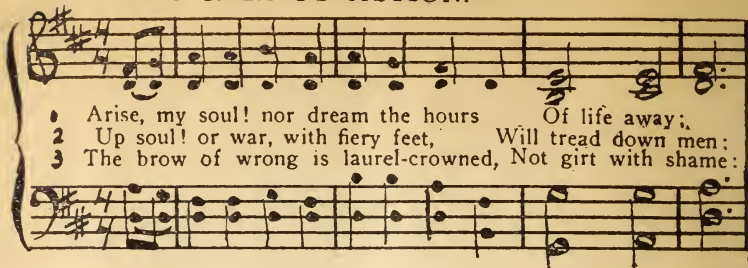
Hurrah for homesteads cheering
 The desert, hill and prairie!
 Hurrah for the warriors clearing
 The forests wild and dreary;
 And a long, long cheer for the heroes all
 Who would neither work nor rest,
 Till man was free as Heaven's winds,
 In the dear land of the West.
 Hurrah, hurrah! Hurrah, hurrah!
 Hurrah for good men, etc.

Words by WILLIAM FRANCIS FORD.

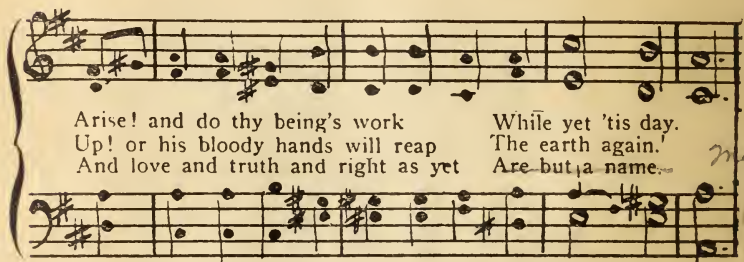
Music by

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS.

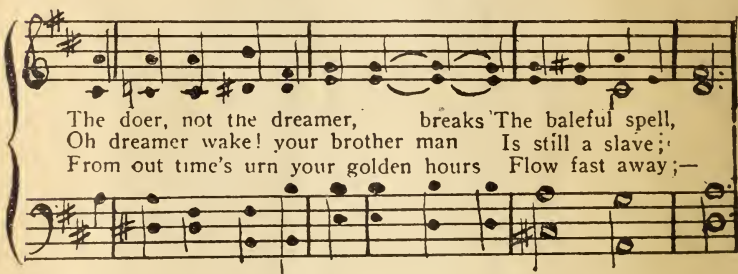
A CALL TO ACTION.

Good - not
ven


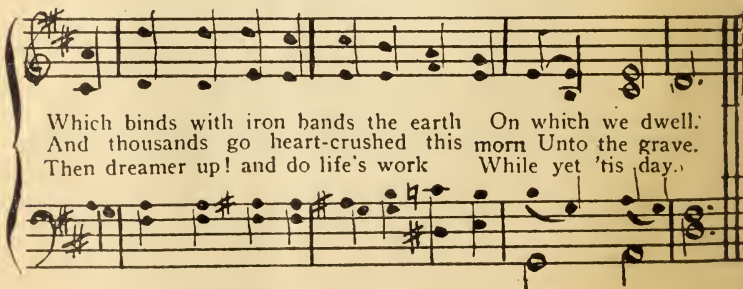
1 Arise, my soul! nor dream the hours Of life away;
2 Up soul! or war, with fiery feet, Will tread down men;
3 The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned, Not girt with shame:



Arise! and do thy being's work While yet 'tis day.
Up! or his bloody hands will reap The earth again.
And love and truth and right as yet Are but a name.



The doer, not the dreamer, breaks 'The baleful spell,
Oh dreamer wake! your brother man Is still a slave;
From out time's urn your golden hours Flow fast away;—



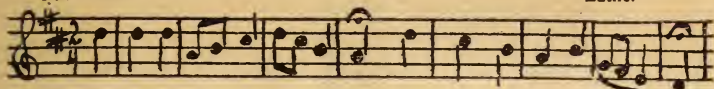
Which binds with iron hands the earth On which we dwell.
And thousands go heart-crushed this morn Unto the grave.
Then dreamer up! and do life's work While yet 'tis day.

Must
we
then
cl

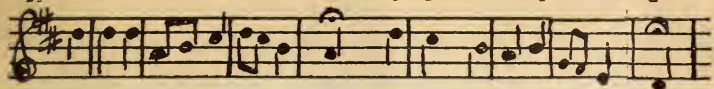
YE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM, RISE.

Felix Adler.

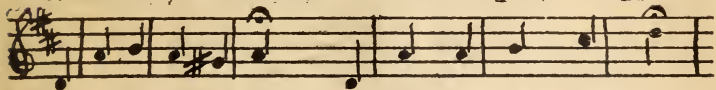
Luther



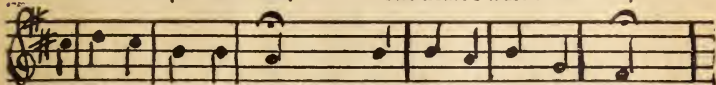
1. Ye friends of freedom, rise awake! Wage now your holy bat tle.
 2. Now fear not, tho' the war of hate Around our pathway rages.
 3. Lift up your souls, make broad the way. Spurn meaner paths alluring.



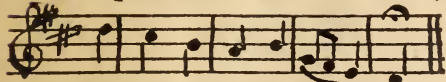
The cruel chains of false-hood break, The yoke of evil shatter,
 We march beneath the flag of fate, We bear the hope of ages!
 O, consecrate your lives to-day To what is great, enduring!



Let not old forms of wrong, Their hate-ful reign pro-long,
 What though our band be few, If but our hearts be true,
 The heart's hope cannot lie, The heart's trust cannot die,

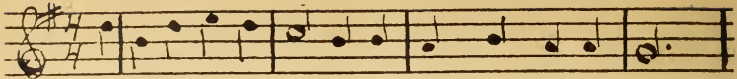


Up! let the good unite;
 What tho' the goal be far,
 True reign the eternal laws,
 Up! let us fight the fight,
 See, ev'ry sacred star,
 To serve them is our cause,

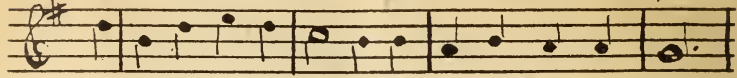


For truth, for light and glo - ry.
 Sheds golden hope to cheer us,
 We will, we cannot falter.

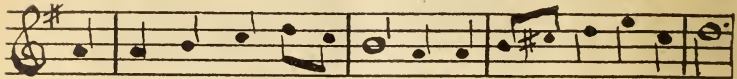
W. C. Gannett.



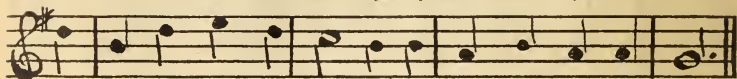
1 It sounds a-long the a - ges, Soul an-swer-ing to soul;
 2 From Sinai's cliffs it echoed, It breathed from Buddha's tree,
 3 It dates each new ideal, Itself it knows not time;



1 It kind-les on the pa-ges Of ev-'ry Bi-ble scroll;
 2 It charmed in Athens' market, It gladdened Galilee;
 3 Man's laws but catch the music Of its eternal chime.



1 The psalm-ists heard and sang it, From martyr lips it broke,
 2 The hammer-stroke of Luther, The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
 3 It calls—and lo, new Justice! It speaks—and lo, new Truth!



1 And pro-phet-tongues out rang it, Till sleep-ing na-tions woke.
 2 The oracles of Concord, One holy Word declare.
 3 In ever nobler stature And unexhausted youth!

27 SELF CONTROL.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts
 control

That o'er thee swell and throng;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

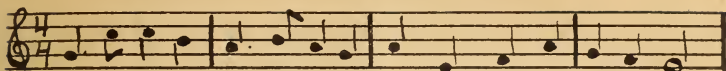
But he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be
 done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest
 pray'rs,

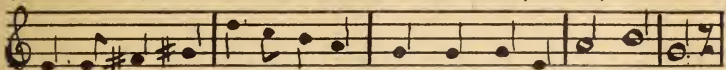
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Words by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

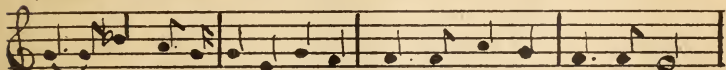
28 GUSTAV SPILLER. THE POWER OF LOVE.



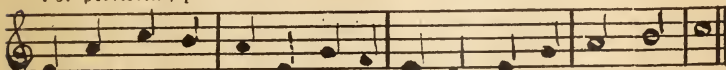
- 1 Years are coming, years are going, Creeds may change and pass away,
 2 Selfish claims will soon no longer Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,
 3 Thaw the hearts that now are frozen—Thaw them by the rays of love,



But the power of love is growing Stronger, surer, day by day.
 For the law of love will conquer. Bursting hatred's narrow bounds:
 And the task that ye have chosen Will be blest all else above



Be ye as the light of morning, Like the beautiful dawn unfold,
 Human love will spread a glory Filling men with gladsome mirth,
 For persistent, pure devotion To the good of all mankind

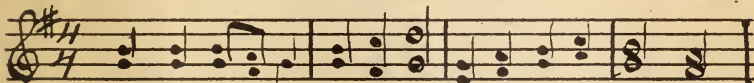


With your radiant lives adorning. All the world in hues of gold.
 Songs of joy proclaim the story Of a fair, transfigured earth.
 Is the star of our emotion. Is the anchor of the mind.

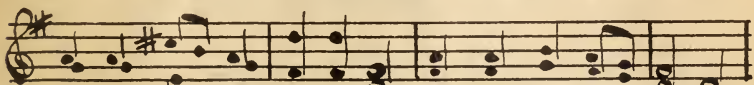
29

SIMPLE CAROLERS.

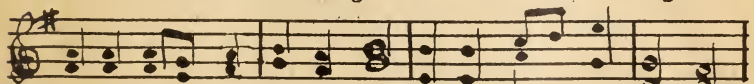
SULLIVAN:



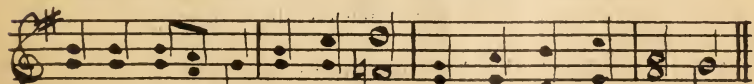
- 1 Simple carolers are we Brothers in communion,
 2 While the swift years wax and wane Truth and right grow stronger,



Let the life of service be Our strong bond of union,
 Love is victor, strife shall reign O'er men's lives no longer.



Over every land and sea Speed the gladsome tidings,
 Happy carolers are we Brothers in communion,



That true service sets us free, Makes our love abiding.
 May the life of service be Our strong bond of union.

1 Dews that nourish fairest flowers Fall unheard in silent hours;
 2 Violets hidden on the ground, Throw their balmy odors round;
 3 Emblems these, which well express, Virtue's modest loveliness;

Streams which keep the meadows green, Often flow themselves
 Viewless in the vaulted sky, Larks pour forth their melody
 Unobtrusive and unknown, Felt but in its fruits alone.

We cannot kindle when we will The fire that in the heart resides,
 With aching hands and bleeding feet We dig and heap, lay stone
 on stone;

The spirit bloweth and is still, In mystery our soul abides,
 We bear the burden and the heat Of the long day, and wish
 'twere done.

But tasks in hours of insight will'd Can be through hours of
 gloom fulfilled.

Not till the hours of light return, All we have built do we discern.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. John Henry Newman

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see... The dis - tant
 I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears... Pride ruled my
 And with the morn those 'an - gel fac - es smile.. Which I have

scene; one step e - nough for me.
 will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
 loved long since, and lost a - while!

Samuel Francis Smith.

Moderato.

Unknown.

(Air: God Save the King.)

mf

1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2 My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees.

mf

f

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that

f

f

Pil-grim's pride; From ev - ry mountain side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro - long.

f

34 CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of
Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

RESPONSES

- L. There is a light that lightens every man that comes into the world.
- R. The kingdom of heaven is within.
- L. Honor thy father and thy mother.
- R. Everyone shall reverence his mother and his father.
- L. Keep the commandments of thy father.
- R. And forsake not the teachings of thy mother.
- L. Children are the crown of the old.
- R. The glory of children are their parents.
- L. My children, love ye one another.
- R. And if thy brother do thee a wrong, remember that he is thy brother.
- L. Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.
- R. And love thou thy neighbor as thyself
- L. Ye shall not lie.
- R. Nor deceive.
- L. As filth is upon the hands
- R. So is an impure thought in the mind.

- L. Remember the poor, harden not thy heart nor close thy hand against thy poor brother, but thou shalt surely give him sufficient for his needs in that which he wanteth.
- R. And let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.
- L. Youth is the springtime, manhood the summer; sow then the seed in the springtime of youth;
- R. That the fruit may appear in due season.
- L. Hereafter shall come a new heaven and a new earth. On that day all man shall speak a pure language and no one shall hurt another any more, and no one shall wrong another any more, but the earth shall be full of goodness and truth, as the waters cover the sea.

35

Mrs. W. M. W. Call. RESPONSE.

Lowell Mason

A nobler order yet shall be Than any that the world hath known,

When men obey, and yet are free, Are loved and yet can stand alone.



